

The Sky Line Trail



Hugging the Hillside

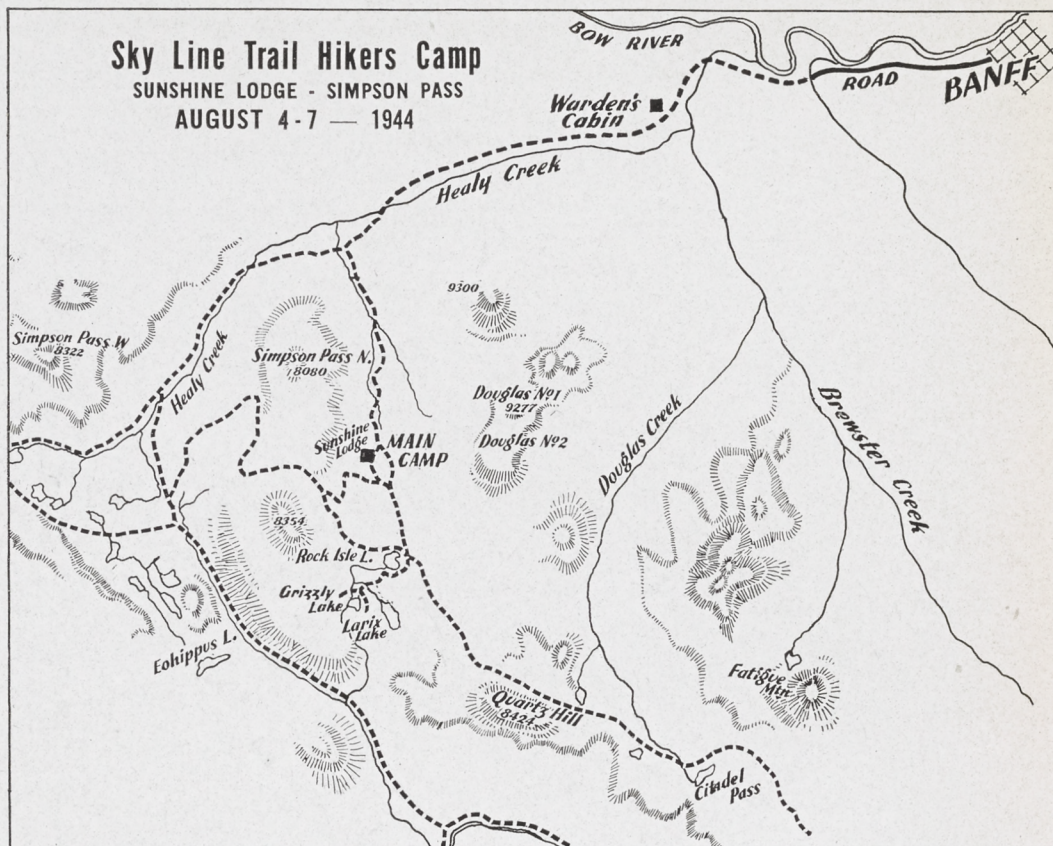
C.P.R. Photo

BULLETIN No. 43



JUNE 26, 1944

Printed in Canada



Facts For Prospective Hikers

The Sky Line Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies comprise an independent society of alpine enthusiasts who each year hold a four or five-day hikers' camp in the vicinity of Banff or Lake Louise. Camp is located at a point from which interesting trails radiate.

* * *

Membership in the order is open to all, irrespective of race, creed, age, sex, colour or profession. Annual dues are \$1.00 which entitle members to receive the four Sky Line Trail bulletins published each year.

* * *

Principal aim of the society is to encourage the maintenance and development of trails in the Canadian Rockies, to foster good fellowship, interest in alpine wild life, to prepare and circulate maps and literature.

* * *

Regular fee for the outing is at the rate of \$5.00 per day, which includes accommodation and meals at main camp, lunch on the trail, and other incidentals.

Hikers make headquarters at central camp, which sometimes takes the form of a tent camp and other times is located at one of the well established lodges or chalets in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, supplemented by teepees.

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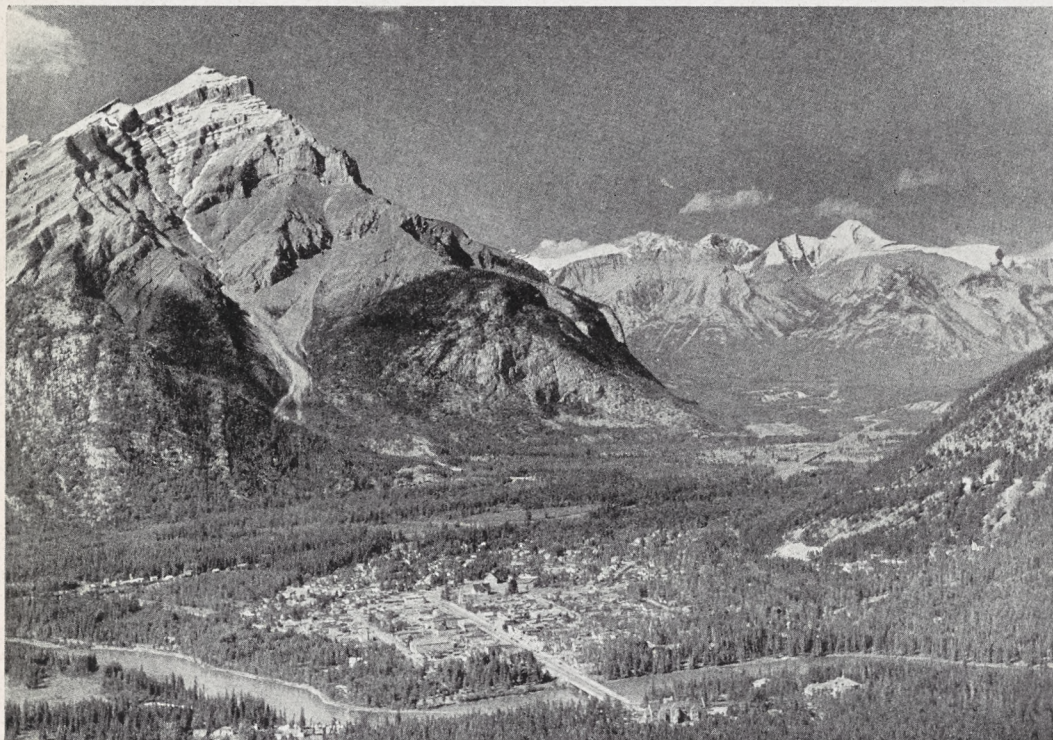
The hikers set out on the trail each morning, lunch en route, and return to main camp at nightfall for evening sing-song and entertainment.

* * *

Itineraries are planned to include most scenic mountain areas, where alpine lakes and rivers provide facilities for fishing and sometimes bathing. Trails frequently traverse passes and plateaux high above the Rocky Mountain timberline.

* * *

Hikers are encouraged to make study of alpine flora and fauna encountered at altitudes varying from 5,000 to 9,000 feet above sea level. Camera opportunities are unlimited.



Banff—where the hike begins

N. Morant Photo

R_y for the Blues --- Sunshine Valley

by Graham Nichols

*Pay your doctor's bills, throw away his pills,
You can cure your ills—at Sunshine !*

Yes, Mr., Miss and Mrs. Trail Hiker, that slightly abridged version of a top-notch song hit of 1928 might have been composed to order for us Skyliners! For whatever those ills may be, imaginary or otherwise, income tax or war nerves, unrequited love or lumbago—anything short of fallen arches—the grassy bowl of Sunshine Valley holds the perfect remedy.

No tonic has yet been devised that can match the zestful alpine air at timberline, an appetizer that can compare with a day's hiking on the trails, or a sleep inducer that can hold a candle to the hush of the great outdoors. And if you're trying to eliminate certain areas of that waistline, you'll find the bulges will

disappear like magic once you've tackled that stairway to the stratosphere!

You may, of course, be one of those die-hards who makes hiking a year-round business. If so, you will probably be in rarest form and ready for the toughest climb when the roll is called at Banff on the morning of August 4.

Those, however, who hike four days a year and depend on wheels for locomotion during the intervening 361 days might welcome a few hints on how to ease the transition from armchair to alpenstock.



Talking of walking

Your editor (himself falling in the latter category) has attempted to dream up a few such hints on advance hike-conditioning. Seasoned hikers may consider them a trifle corny (no pun intended) but if a hiker is spared as much as

one little bunion, your editor will consider his efforts well rewarded.

It all boils down to the simple act of walking. Hiking, after all, is simply the act of walking with a swing — and an alpenstock. Hence the hiking candidate can go through the motions as effectively, if not as enthusiastically, on the streets of his own home town as he can on the skyline trails of the Canadian Rockies!

Many maintain that the period just before sunrise (or maybe it's just after) pays the biggest physical and aesthetic dividends to the health walker, provided, of course, he is not en route home from a late party. Most hikers, however, particularly those who

crave their eight hours under the covers, will leave that job for the milkman and give Old Sol a good head start before going into action.

So let's assume you're one of those good citizens who commute into town by bus or trolley or other means where the feet (apart from being stepped on now and then) play a relatively minor role. If you fall into this category and live close enough to your place of business you can start your hike-conditioning campaign right now . . . not by sprinting Dagwood-fashion to catch that bus or trolley but by leisurely and pleasurely walking to work — or, if you prefer it, *hiking* to work.

"Hike" when you walk

This may necessitate getting that extra half hour of slumber the night before instead of the morning after, but you'll find it's worth it. And when you start your "hike to work" programme, make sure you're really hiking — chest out, chin up, head back and arms swinging briskly at your sides. If you want to get the feel of an alpenstock you can always carry a walking stick or an umbrella.

If you live near a mountain or even a few respectably sized hills you might feel like conducting a one-man trail hike of your own — or better still bring along a friend. In this way your feet will get in some preliminary groundwork in the ups and downs of hiking and have a better idea of what to be prepared for on Rocky Mountain upgrades. It will also afford a golden opportunity of breaking in those new hiking boots.

For those who want to hit the high spots — and we *do* mean high spots — we suggest substituting the stairways for the elevator when visiting a friend on the 15th storey of a downtown office building. If you can do this and come up smiling, you may consider yourself eligible to tackle the toughest trails on the '44 hike map.

But if you're not in the mood for such strenuous action, don't be downhearted. You can buzz for the elevator with a clear conscience. Most of the trails on this year's itinerary wind over gently undulating grassy meadows, the inclines being easy to negotiate, while the loftier peaks can be reached with probably less effort than that re-

quired to establish a bridgehead in a crowded bargain basement.

Increased lung-power

Trailworthiness can also be encouraged by the less strenuous methods of deep breathing (and this comes straight from a reliable M.D.) before an open window, or as the Doc facetiously worded it "Open the window and throw out your chest." This time-honored prescription for added lung-power, if practised for five or 10 minutes each morning, will put you in the pink for the Hike. It will also help you compete with your neighbour at the nightly sing-song.

Those who prefer to sit down when they do their walking can do that very thing on the seat of a bicycle — and put extra hiking mileage in their limbs as a result! Many consider this the psychological (alright then, cycle-logical) approach to good hiking technique, the footwork involved being much the same in both cases. Some prospective hikers arrive in Banff ahead of schedule for that very purpose, the trails around Banff offering ideal opportunities for cycling, riding, or hiking.

And there you have it hikers. The above suggestions, taken in whole or in part, plus good living habits and a pair of comfy boots, will add to your enjoyment on that glamorous, glorious trail to Sunshine.

So we repeat "You can cure your ills at Sunshine". And if you can suggest a better place to lose the blues, I'll eat my alpenstock. Sunshine, here we come!



WHERE THE TRAIL WILL WIND



*View from Twin
Cairns Ridge*

Photos by
R. B. Rushworth



*Rock Isle
Rhapsody*



Larix Lake from Quartz Hill



Reflections on Simpson Summit

Mountain Men

by N. Vernon-Wood

(From the "Valley News" Invermere B. C. Community Centre)

I don't know if the Honorable James Dalrymple Plantagenet Kenilworth Barkley could really be called a "Mountain Man" but he infested the Rockies long enough to acquire some of the characteristics and to make some local history.

Barkley isn't his real name, although the others are, but as he is still going strong somewhere in England, I won't tell you what it is, suffice it to say that it is very old and that good Queen Victoria once said "Those Barkleys! they are all mad, quite mad."

Jim, as a younger son inherited little but the madness, a wonderful capacity for hard liquor and bizarre escapades, and so like many of his breed, was sent to Canada with a yearly allowance, contingent on his remaining on this side and not cluttering up the ancestral layout further.

Exchanged duds for suds

He arrived in Banff with numerous trunks filled with Sackville street clothes, as well as a London outfitter's idea of what a gentleman about to rough it in the bally colonies should wear. Outside a couple of guns and a Hardy rod it was a fearful and wonderful collection, most of which soon passed into the possession of the local bar keeps in exchange for sundry bottles, crocks and mickeys.

He soon acquired the nickname of "Lord Jim" as much for his infuriatingly superior manner as for his aristocratic connections. However, time and the educating of the "hailfellow" democratic gang of Banffites of 30 years ago toned him down and he became a likeable sort of bird for eleven months of the year.

The twelfth month, which coincided with the arrival of his remittance, his usual haunts knew him not. August was the month, and the C.P.R. hotel would be running full blast, with the wealth, beauty and what not of the Eastern States, the Old Country and half dozen other places. Then Jim would take a trunk full of Picadilly glad rags, rent the best room available and for three or four grand and glorious weeks, he would live like a nobleman who had married an American heiress, won the Calcutta Sweepstake, or sold a couple of odd castles to a pickle magnate.

About the first of September he would be back in the "Bird cage", the official boarding house of the guides, wranglers and cooks who followed the trail, ready to hire himself out to the first hunting party that needed help. Always following these excursions into the upper realms of society, Jim would be grouchy and silent and those of

(Continued on page 14)



Homeward bound

C.P.R. Photo



C.P.R. Photo

It's Larix Lake again

Winter wonderland

Morant Photo



Hiker Surveys Sunshine Valley

Morant Photo

Norah Looks Ahead

by Mary Weekes



On the trail of '39.

Carl Rungius Photo

"There's a reason I suppose, for this grande parade—slimming and revitalizing the creaking arteries—a sort of rejuvenescence, an elixir, a nostrum, a general rising from one's ashes, adding a week here, a month there, to the dizzy life? Is this the purpose of these mountain hikes, or is it just summer madness?"

My young friend, Norah, lifting a quizzical brow, was referring to my forthcoming Sky Line Hike. She had popped in to see if I had got my weekly ounce of tea, and could she borrow it for her bridge party. I suspected a deeper motive. I had sent her a copy of Sky Line Trail Bulletin (No. 42) and she had come over to take another crack at Editor Graham Nichols. Or else she had come to disclose her "designs" for men—the post-war hiking costumes she'd been simmering over of late.

"Walking for health, Norah," I said with asperity. "We are a harmonious group of people who, who . . ."

"Who sing in chorus? I know," Norah finished for me.

"Exactly! We are not going to the Rockies to hibernate. The hikers are people with . . ."

"With mellow minds—that kind of thing," Norah interrupted. "My, I hate sob-stuff!"

"Please let me finish," I said. "Mostly the

hikers are 'alive' young people. They aren't going to the Heights of Sunshine to—fribble the precious hours, to burn daylight." I felt very indignant indeed.

"Oh, oh! No offence. Thanks for the tea," said Norah, as I handed her the spoonful of tea I had measured out of my canister. She put it into a little gadget with a lock on it that she carried in her service wallet. I knew she was unconvinced. "They should be dynamic—hot-tamale-ish!", she said.

"Who?", I asked.

"I am referring to the cute little outfits I have in mind for male hikers."

Rompers and zoot suits

I was prepared for the worst. Norah's "designs" would be sure to show operating room influence. They would be surgically cast. As a hospital aid, Norah is surcharged with Mother Hubbard—loose gown—notions. The human body unrestricted and unimpeded in normal motion. That kind of thing.

"Yes," continued Norah, "the little numbers I have in mind for the leaders of the grande parade are something between a zoot suit, a brunch coat and the uniform of a Lieutenant of the French Sûreté."

"See here, Norah, fun is fun . . ."

Ignoring my interruption, Norah went on, "I had thought of Montgomery rompers, sensible affairs, but they won't do. The post-war hiking suit must be dramatic. Men are dramatic! When war ends rompers will be out. Then the terrific vanity of the male will demand a spirited costume—something with dash and glitter. Your hiker will want to burst out into something spot-lighty. The plus-four spectacle has almost disappeared. Men are strutting around at present, as you may have observed, in rose-colored trousers and pink or blue shirts. That kind of insanity. They ought to have something chic!"

"You're wrong, Norah. About Sky Line men. They are conservative and sober," I said.

"Conservative? That's what you think! They're ripe for a change. The war has got them down. Your post-war hikers will demand a walking costume that will hit even the mountain elk squarely between the eyes."

When I made no comment, Norah said, "Well?"

Maybe Norah's got something

"Oh!" I said. Into my mind there had flashed a picture of a party of hikers walking with slow enjoyment up the road that threaded the sides of the long canyon. They were stopping to dip their hands in the tumbling stream that broke in white bubbles over the granite boulders. The dry air was filled with scent that dripped from the tips of pine needles, and in the valley which they were leaving, lay a heat haze, shimmering, oppressive. And beyond these hikers, I could see a band of Indians filing up the steep hills, effortlessly, or so it seemed, in easy fitting clothes. Perhaps the costumes of present day hikers were a little heavy. Perhaps Norah *had* something.

"Norah," I said, "do you know the kind of clothing the Piegans wore? Those Indian tribes that lived east of the Rockies and ranged the country from the valley of the Bow River to the Missouri? A skin shirt, skin leggings that reached to their hips, moccasins of moose or buffalo hide, and a robe or blanket over all. Around their heads, they tied a wolf or other skin. Sometimes they decorated their shirts and leggings with human hair ornamented with a fringe of quill-work. Apart from the human hair, does this original (and homegrown) costume suggest anything to you? Couldn't something along these lines be devised for hikers. I think there should be regional influence."

Norah pulled an envelope out of her purse and shook out a batch of gay cut-outs. Colored costumes of various periods. She said—

Hat with a plume

"I borrowed these from School Ma'am Amy Potts. Cavalierish things suit men. What would you think of this?" She held up a model. "Long trousers, like these, but I'd have them plum-colored instead of blue. Blue is out. Air-uniform blue. This coat—the coat of a lieutenant of the French Sûreté—would go well with the plum-colored trousers. But I would have it a very pale lavender and flared considerably from the waist to give it a brunchy effect. Silver buttons. A hat with a neat plume. Sweet idea, don't you think?"

"Silver buttons?", I said.

"Plastic would do. The Canadian Handicraft Guild could supply them. They are promoting home crafts."

"So you don't think the Indian, the back to nature idea, should be stressed?"

"Here take these along to the Hike. Show them to the nature lovers. Let the gang go into a huddle over them and the aboriginal idea." Norah shoved the cut-outs back into the envelope and tossed it to me.

"Norah," I said, "you are finishing up with your unit. Why don't you come on the hike and meet the gang?"

"Now that's an idea! Your Rocky Mountain hikers are disturbing my peace. As for those Sunshine Heights. Well, what are we waiting for?"



Sure, we're hikers !

HIKERS CALL 'ENCORE'



Nature study



Road to Sunshine



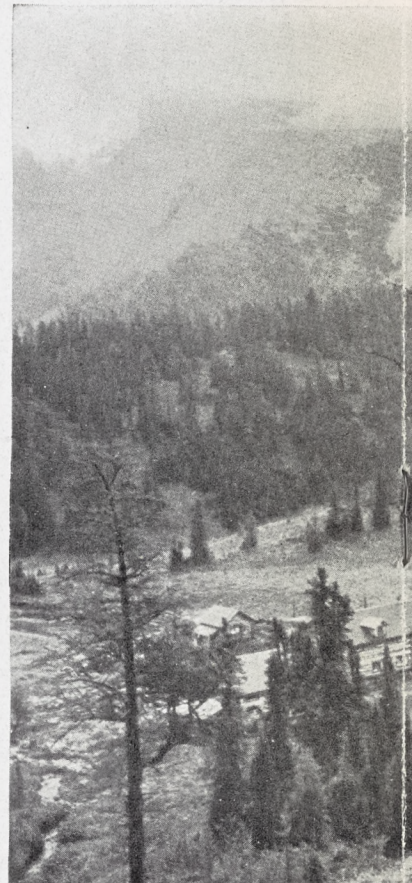
Cold—but



Over the top



Time out for reconnaissance



A glimpse of Su

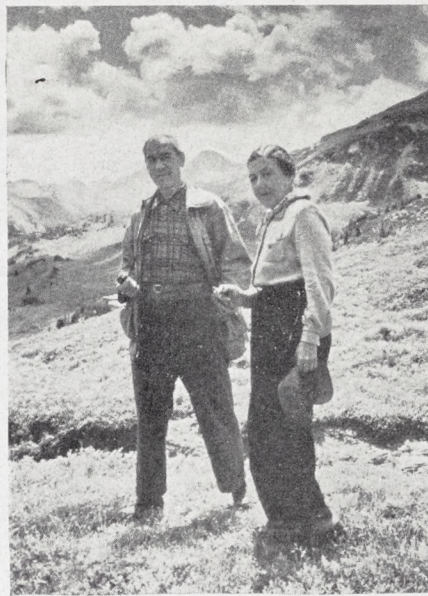
FOR SUNSHINE VALLEY!



refreshing!



Teepee Tea Party



The hiking Hollanders



Mobilizing for hike



When day is done

Sunshine Lodge

Camera Regulations Under War Conditions

Cameras for non-professional use (amateur still cameras, 16mm. and 8mm. movie cameras, as well as a reasonable quantity of film for use therein) may be admitted into Canada, free of duty or deposit, as part of a tourist's outfit, upon the tourist reporting same to the Customs Officer at the port of entry.

Cameras must be identified and exported outwards either at the port of entry or another port within six months of time of entry.

The carrying of cameras in or the taking of photographs of defended ports or areas, or "protected areas", that is, places under guard, e.g., canals, harbours, power plants, bridges, munition factories and plants, etc., is prohibited. Warning notices have been posted in those areas where photography is forbidden. Tourists should not take pictures of any naval, military, or air force equipment belonging to units which visitors may encounter while in

Canada, or other pictures depicting anything pertaining to Canada's war effort.

Outside of these restrictions the tourist, either in summer or winter, will find practically limitless scope and vast possibilities for the use of his camera—scenes of exceptional natural beauty, places and objects of historic significance, and the movement and colour of sports on hill, lake and river.

Films and pictures taken or sent out of Canada are subject to examination and censorship by Canadian and United States officials. The "Defence of Canada" regulations require that films and pictures for any destination outside of Canada be sent by mail. American tourists should therefore direct their films and pictures to their United States address. When passed by the censor, they will be sent on to their destination. Exposed but undeveloped films are subject to development and examination before being returned to the owner. Films passing through the postal censorship are processed by professional concerns.



THE CANADIAN ROCKIES IS THE PLACE TO STUDY WILD ANIMALS

by H. Boylston Dummer

If You Can't Sing--Whistle!

OH! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING!

(Trail Hikers' version of the song from "Oklahoma")

There's a bright golden hair on my shoulder,
But don't think that I got any bolder,
It's all of a curl.
But it's not from a girl,
It came from a mount that I met on the trail;

Refrain

Oh! what a beautiful morning!
Beautiful trail all the way,
I got a beautiful teepee;
Everything's goin' okay!

Oh, the air of the mountains is heady,
And the sandwiches packed up and ready,
With the people you like,
That you meet on a hike,
And you start on the trail
And the ozone inhale.

Oh, what a beautiful morning! etc., etc.

IT'S HIKE, HIKE, HIKE!

(Tune—*It's Love, Love, Love!*)

Imagine you imagining you're out of jail,
And stepping on a far-away trail
Imagine stepping on a far-away trail
When inside your shoe you can feel there's a nail.

Refrain

If your feet go crunchety-crunch
It's hike, hike, hike!
If your toes curl up in a bunch
It's hike, hike, hike!
If your knees go knockety-knock
It's hike, hike, hike!
If you're walking with a stock on a rock
It's hike, hike, hike!

Imagine you imagining a cozy camp
Complete with beds that are not damp,
Imagine having beds that are not damp,
And you will be dreaming again of your tramp.
If your feet go crunchety-crunch, etc., etc.

THE TRAIL TO HAPPINESS

(Tune—*The Road to Victory*)

Hike on, hike on, hike on the trail to happiness,
Hike off, hike off, hike off the rusty dusty and
Hike on, hike on, hike on the trail to happiness
And reach another camp today!
Hike up, hike up, hike up towards the Great Divide
Hike down, hike down, hike down again the other side.
Hike one, hike ten, hike fifteen miles or more or less,
And you'll find happiness that day!

When you're safe in camp at evening in a teepee
You can write to all your friends a stirring tale,
You can tell them that the best way to get sleepy
Is to hike all day upon the rocky trail,

So they'd better hike on, hike on, hike on the
trail to happiness

Hike off, hike off, hike off the rusty, dusty and
Hike on, hike on, hike on the trail to happiness
And reach another camp that way!

THE OPEN TRAIL

(Tune—*The Old Refrain*)

I seldom think of home, tra-la-la-la!
And of the license for my motor car.
For on the open trail, tra-la-la-la!
These are the things that soon forgotten are,
And I am hiking where the sky is blue
With not a thought of bills that may be due,
Where I can watch the little chipmunks play
With income tax collectors far away—
And when in camp I sit beside the fire
I know the happiness that all desire
And to the tinkling of an old guitar
I sing my Trail Hike Song, tra-la-la-la!
Though hikers come and go, tra-la-la-la!
And campfires vanish like a shooting Star,
Yet still their echoes ring, tra-la-la-la!
And leave the fragrance of a good cigar.
The skies are blue by day and dark by night,
The pork and beans subdue my appetite,
And in my dreams I hear in ravishment
The 'Come-and-get-it' from the cookie's tent—
So on the trail to heaven's gate ajar
I'll keep just hiking on, tra-la-la-la!

A LOVELY WAY TO ROAM THE SKYLINE

(Tune—*A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening*)

Some like to ride in an auto,
Some like to travel by train,
Some like it best
When they sit at rest
And look through the window-pane;
Some like to live in a duplex,
Some are content with a jail,
But there's nothing to beat
A snowbank for a seat,
Hiking the alpine trail.

Refrain

This is a lovely way to roam the skyline,
Can't think of any way I'd rather go;
This is a lovely way to hike the highline
Upon the Alpine trails so near to the snow.
A holiday hike through the mountains,
A camp under stars and a moon,
Warming our toes at a log fire,
Singing a songsheet tune;
This is a lovely way to roam the skyline,
I want to do nothing else,
but roam it with you.



The Sky Line Trail

Official publication of the Sky Line Trail
Hikers of the Canadian Rockies

EDITOR - - *Graham Nichols*

MOUNTAIN MEN

(Continued from page 6)

us who knew him well just ignored him and let him come back to normal in his own good time.

Wrong room—hot reception!

Needless to say, these flights into the stratosphere were lit by some pretty lurid episodes, which were recounted with relish and embellishments by the bartenders, bell hops and waiters from the hotel.

There was the evening when under the influence of 'Johnny Walker' with champagne chasers, he miscalculated his floor and ascended one flight too many. Carefully counting doors he entered what he thought was his room to be greeted by a shriek from a lady preparing to retire.

His first stumbling apology was ignored and the lady continued to show great agitation. To put her completely at ease, Jim in his best Mayfair manner, said, "Madam, pray calm yourself, I have absolutely no desiah to share youah accommodations. I am merely looking for room 711—which at the moment seems to be elsewheah."

Jim was my cook for a number of hunting trips, and while I have seen sloppier cooks, I can't just remember where. However, in the old days we did not expect much from a cook, and Jim's "bannock" was really good and you could tell the difference between his tea and his coffee. He never talked much to the "dudes", leaving that part to the guides and wranglers, which made him popular with his fellows, as I have never yet seen a guide who relished competition when it comes to peddling the old "salve" to a tenderfoot.

Nobility turns pot wrangler

Somewhere around 1909 or '10 I contracted to hunt with a Pittsburgh steel millionaire and arranged to meet him at Lake Louise after he had a few days at Banff. We were to hunt sheep in the Brazeau country. Lord Jim had promised to meet me also at Lake Louise and come along as pot wrangler as usual.

He got off the train a day before the "Pilgrim from Pittsburgh" was due, clad in a greasy pair of Levis and a buckskin shirt, whose fringes were stiff with bannock dough and bacon grease

from a hundred camps. As usual, he was surly and silent.

A couple of days later, in our first camp on the Pipestone, we were sitting in the teepee after supper and our dude was asking the usual "sixty-four dollar" questions:

"What is the chance of getting a real good head?"

"How far does one have to shoot?"

"Can't one hunt sheep from a saddle horse?"

"What is the difference between a cayuse and a cougar?"

Then suddenly—"This Lord Jim I heard so much about in Banff, Wood. Is he really an Earl's brother?" I said "I guessed he was, God knows, he's ornery enough to be most anything."

"Then you know him?"

"Yeah, I know him", I said.

"Extraordinary! Imagine being acquainted with a member of the real old aristocracy!"

"Cook, do you know him?"

Jim reached for a stick from the fire to light a cigarette, and with never a trace of his English accent, replied. "Too Goddam well, feller! Don't you want to hit your flea-bag now? We pull out early."

Attention Waltonians!

If you enjoy matching wits with fighting finsters of the Canadian Rockies and appreciate the flavor of a freshly-caught trout, make sure that your duffle includes a rod and tackle.

The 1944 trail is punctuated by a number of choice alpine lakes and tarns, most of which offer a fair to good to excellent brand of trout fishing!

Thanks to last minute trail changes, Egypt Lake will be included among accessible fishing waters this summer. Other good fishing waters will include Eohippus, Larix and Rock Isle Lakes.

These waters have paid good dividends to anglers in the past. And if you're in doubt, just ask Carl Rungius.

The species of trout to be encountered in these lakes, and the Bow and Spray Rivers that join hands at Banff where the hike begins, include cut-throat, Dolly Varden and speckled trout, all of which can be captured with rod and fly.

So if you need fresh ammunition for your current crop of fish stories and appreciate a fish course on the side, bring your fishing rod—and don't forget your license!



*Top: — On the
Uplands near
Larix Lake*

*Centre:—Camp-
site at Larix
Lake*

*Foot: — Hiking
on flower mead-
ows near Larix
Lake*

Centre photo by
Mellie Faris, others
by Dan McCowan

You Can Take It with You

Chances are that you've already been initiated into the fine art of trail hiking. If so, you have a pretty good idea of what to take along in addition to a pair of willing feet, a smile, and a healthy ambition to rub shoulders with the stratosphere.

But just in case you're about to become a "first timer" with the Sky Liners this summer, we'll let you in on a few secrets that will contribute much to your enjoyment along that good old Sunshine Trail. And most of those secrets are to be found in your duffle bag and ruck-sack.

BOOTS—If you are not "foot-happy" you simply won't enjoy your hike. Therefore make sure your boots are up to hiking standards. These should be strong enough to stand the rigors of hiking and large enough to be worn comfortably with two pairs of thick sox if necessary.

If you feel like investing in a pair of new boots for the occasion, choose them with special care. If you're satisfied the boots are large enough and strong enough, try getting a few hobnails applied to the soles. These will be of vital assistance on the upgrades and can be easily removed after the hike. It is also advisable to get in a few preliminary work-outs before the hike, breaking the shoes in ahead of time.

SOX—Next to our feet, of course, we like our sox. Leave your Nylons at home, but bring along something in the woollen line—and we do mean substantial. If you wear two pairs at once, you'd be wise to bring several pairs for alternate wearing.

SHIRTS—If you want to look your best before the camera, and the shutter clicks a-plenty

on the trail, be "shirt-conscious" in selecting your hiking wardrobe. Thick, woollen shirts with plaid designs find high favor with most hikers, these being both practical and colorful.

A thinner shirt should also be brought along in case of unexpected heat waves.

LONGS AND SHORTS

—As the legs do most of the work, the comfort of these members should hold a high place on the hiker's priority list. Breeches, knickerbockers, ski pants, or just plain blue overalls ("jeans" to you, Mr. Hiker) are all considered tops from the hiker's viewpoint. If you wear breeches, make sure they're not too tight at the knee.

Let it rain

Yes, it does rain in the Rockies at times, and "singing in the rain" is a lot easier when the rain-drops bounce off the singer. For that reason a slicker or other light waterproof garment should be on every hiker's "must list". And on those cool Rocky Mountain evenings when the mercury takes a nose-dive, hikers appreciate the warmth of a good thick sweater, windbreaker—and, above all (or should we say under all) a suit of heavy underwear.

SUNDRIES—As for sundries, Hikers, don't forget to take these accessories along: a hat with a brim, sun glasses, a neckerchief, a pocket knife, flashlight, matches, string, chewing gum and chocolate bars (if you know where to get them), cigarettes, pipe tobacco, camera, fishing tackle, water bottle, your tooth brush, soap and other toilet articles. And if you're a musician, bring along your favorite instrument!

Heed the foregoing and you'll be hike-happy. And don't say we didn't warn you!



When you're decking yourself out for the Sunshine trail, Hikers, don't forget to leave space somewhere for the handsome new insignia, to be issued at this year's hikers camp.

Designed by R. H. Palenske of Chicago, and reproduced here in enlarged form, the buttons will be issued in three individual colors indicative of the wearer's membership in the organization.



Lake Eileen on the Edge of Simpson Pass

Photo by Fred. Armbrister

Memo for the Camera-Wise

Trail Hikes like every other good thing have an ending, but hikers can still live over those glamorous moments on the trail provided they capture the hike highlights with their camera shutter.

So if you happen to fall in the category of those fortunates who possess one of these rare instruments be sure to find room for it in your haversack, duffle-bag or over your shoulder.

This year's itinerary offers a rare brand of photographic opportunities, and cameras, whether they be elaborate movie-makers or of the old reliable box variety, should be grinding or clicking at many strategic beauty spots along the trail.

Photographic inspirations will range from colorful alpine flowers on the high meadows of Simpson Pass and Sunshine Valley, and wild bird and animal life, to the majestic mountain landscape, complete with snow-clad peaks, glaciers, and fast-flowing mountain streams.

And remember the Sky Line Trail Bulletin is always ready to consider a good photograph for reproduction in its pages. A number of photographs appearing in previous issues have been contributed by "free-lancers" who have

captured an unusually choice hiking scene with their camera shutter.

So if you have to beg, borrow or steal—or better still if you have one of your own—bring along a camera and live over those happy hiking hours by the fireside next winter.

TRAIL HIKER'S CALENDAR

1944

- August 3—Executive Committee Meeting at Mount Royal Hotel, Banff
- " 4—Trail Hikers leave Banff for Sunshine Lodge; Campfire and Sing-song at night
- " 5—Hikes from Sunshine Lodge; Campfire and Sing-song at night
- " 6—Hikes from Sunshine Lodge; Campfire and Sing-song at night
- " 7—Hikers leave Sunshine Lodge for Banff; Pow-wow at night in Sundance Tent, at Banff

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Cozy interior of Sunshine Lodge

N. Morant Photo

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To keep pace with changing styles in hiking apparel, hair-do's, figures, and the general trend of art, Mr. R. H. "Pal" Palenske of Chicago has introduced a new hiking couple to the Certificate of Life Membership which appears on back page of this issue.

The two newcomers, who made their debut in the last edition of the *Sky Line Trail*, present a fine idea of what the 1944 Trail Hiker should wear! Mr. Palenske

apparently feels that gentlemen really do prefer blondes after all, the lady in the picture being a beautiful example of this species.

The pensive looking male in the old design has been substituted for a hardier looking male who carries an alpenstock instead of a pipe and even sports a military hair-cut in tune with the times. The original design, introduced by Mr. Palenske in 1937, is now in possession of some 24 life members.



Sky Line Trail Hikers

OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Certificate of Life Membership

Whereas _____ has qualified for Life Membership under Section 6 of Article 6 of the By-Laws which reads

Members holding qualification of 50 miles and upwards may compound their paid and future dues by payment of \$10.00 which shall absolve them from further payment of annual dues, and include a Life Membership Certificate upon the additional payment of \$1.00 but shall not exempt them from special dues or assessments should such be considered necessary.

This Certificate is granted to the above mentioned member who has fulfilled all the necessary conditions
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